Mar. My thinks sweet Madame-Is the winde Westerly that blowes?

Leon. South. west.

Mar. When I was borne, the winde was North.

Leon. Wast so?

Mar. My father, as Nurse saith, did neuer feare, but eryed good sea-men to the saylers, galling his Kingly hands hailing ropes, and clasping to the Mast. endured a sea that almost burst the decke.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was borne, neu er was waues nor winde more violent, and from the ladder tackle, washes off a canuas clymer, ha, saith one, wilt out? and with a dropping industry they skipe from sterne to sterne: the Boat-swaine whistles, and the Master calles and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What meane you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer, I grant it pray, but be not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of eare, and I am sworne to do my worke with haste.

Mar. Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfie my Lady.

Mar. Why would she haue me kild now? as I can remember by my troth, I neuer did her hurt in all my life, I neuer spake bad word, nor did ill turne to any: liuing creature beleeue me now, I neuer kild a Mouse, nor hurt a Flie: I trod vpon a worme once against my will, but I wept for it. How haue I offended wherein my death might yeeld her any profite, or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commission is not to reason of the deed, but doo't.

Mar. You will not doo't for all the world, I hope: you are well fauoured, and your lookes fore-shew you haue a very gentle heart, I saw you lately when you caught hurt in parting two that fought: good-sooth it shewd well in you, do so now, your Lady seekes my life, come you betweene, and saue poore me the weaker.

Leon. I am sworne, and will dispatch.

Enter Pirates,

Pirat 1. Hold vilaine.

Pirat 2. A prize, a prize.

Pirat 3. Halfe part mates, halfe part. Come lets haue her aboard sodainely.

Enter Leonine.

Leon. These roguing theeues serue the great Pyrate *valdes* and they haue seised *Marina*, let her goe, ther's no hope shee will returne: Ile swere shee's dead and throwne into the sea but Ile see further, perhaps they will not please themselues vppon her, nor carry her aboard, if shee remaine,
Whom they haue rauisht, must be slaine. *Exit.*

Enter the three Bands.

Pander. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pander. Search the market narrowly, *Metaline* is full of gallants, wee lost too much money this mart, by being too wenchless.

Band. We were neuer so much out of creatures, wee haue but poore three, and they can doe no more then they can do, and they with continuall action are as good as rotten.

Pander. Therefore lets haue fresh ones what ere wee pay for them, if there be not a conscience to be vsde in euery trade, wee shall neuer prosper.

Band. Thou saiest true, tis not our bringing vp of poore bastards, as I thinke I haue brought some eleuen.

Boult. I to eleuen and brought them downe againe,
But shall I search the market?

Band. What else man? the stuffe wee haue a strong winde will blow it to pieces, they are so pittifull sodden.

Pander. Thou saist true, ther's two vnwholsome in conscience, the poore *Thransiluanian* is dead that lay with the little baggedge

Boult. I shee quickly poupt him, shee made him roast-meate for

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